By drunken prophesies libels and dreames,
To set my brother *Clarence* and the King,
In deadly hate the one against the other,
And if King *Edward* be as true and iust
As I am subtile, false and trecherous:
This day should *Clarence* closely be mewd vp,
About a prophesie which sayes that G.
Of *Edwards* heires the murtherer shall be.
Dive thoughts downe to my soule, *Enter Clarence with a Guard of men.*
Heere *Clarence* comes,
Brother, good dayes, what meane this armed guard
That waits vpon your grace?

Cla. His maiesty tendring my persons safety, hath appointed
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower.

Glo. Vpon what cause?

Cla. Because my name is *George*,

Glo. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He should for that commit your god fathers:
O belike his maiesty hath some intent
That you shall be new christned in the tower,
But what is the matter *Clarence*, may I know?

Cla. Yea *Richard* when I doe know, for I protest
As yet I doe not, but as I can learne,
He harkens after prophesies and dreames,
And from the crosse-row pluckes the letter G,
And sayes a wizard told him that by G,
His issue disinherited should be,
And for my name of *George* begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he:
These as I learne and such like toyes as these,
Haue moued his highnesse to commit me now.

Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Gray* his wife, *Clarence* tis she
That tempts him to this extremity,
Was it not she and that good man of worship
Anthony Woodvile her brother there,
That made him send Lord *Hastings* to the tower,
From whence this present day he is deliuered?
We are not safe *Clarence*, we are not safe.

Cla.

Cla. By heauen I thinke there is no
But the queenes kindred, and night
that truge betweene the King and
Heard you not what an humble sup
Lord *Hastings* was to her for his del

Glo. Humbly complayning to her
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his lib
Ile tell you what, I thinke it were o
If we will keepe in fauour with the
To bee her men and were her liuery
The iealous ore-worne widdow and
Since that our brother dubd them G
Are mighty gossips in this monarch

Bro. I beseech your graces both to
His maiesty hath straightly giuen in
That no man shall haue priuate conf
Of what degreee soeuer with his bro

Glo. Euen so and please your worsh
You may partake of any thing wee s
We speake no treason man, we say the
Is wise and vertuous and the noble Q
Well stroke in yeares, faire and not iea
We say that *Shores* wife hath a pretty
A cherry lip a bonny eye, a passing
And that the Queenes kindred are ma
How say you sir, can you deny all th

Bro. With this (My Lord) my selfe h

Glo. Nought to do with Mistris Sho
He that doth nought with her excepti
Were best he do it secretly alone,

Bro. What one my Lord?

Glo. Her husband knaue, wouldst th

Bro. I beseech your Grace to pardon
Your conference with the noble Duke.

Cla. we know thy charge *Brokenbury*

Glo. We are the Queenes Abiects an
Brother farewell I will vnto the King,
And whatsoeuer you will imploy me i
Were it to call King *Edwards* widdow

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURG (JA 37